The Science of Words

ShabdaShastram- A collection of Maithili Short-stories rewritten in English by the author himself

Gajendra Thakur

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To
the
memories
of
my
father

Preface

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The Science of Words- (ShabdaShastram)- Gajendra Thakur

Maithili Short-story 1.“Tashkar”, 2.“Siddha Mahavir”and 3.“ShabdaShastram” by Gajendra Thakur re-written in English by the author himself.

Gajendra Thakur, December 2, 2010

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1.The Robber (Tashkar)

1

Inside Shaligram-stone a hole exists, the black shaligram stone is found in Narmada River. In Jamsam village everything has changed, from Dihbar-worship place of village deity to everything, but something or other symbolic things are present. But any symbolic existence of my love-tale is not present here.

The plantation and land-jungle, everything has thinned. One hundred years. That mango orchard of self-grown mango seeds was full of underground passage-holes of animals. It was full of different kinds of birds and small-big animals. I was child. From Jyestha month to Agahan month I and Malati used to gossip around the khurchania-creeper. If I went there in phalgun-chaitra month then we used to talk endlessly near lavanglata bush. Malkoka, Kumud, Bhent, Kamalgatta-root, reddish-Bisadh, we were in search of these; wandering in mud and muddy-water. Bare-footed, we hopped around thorny places and played game of seven houses in mango orchard. I and Malati used to secure our imaginary home with karbir-bush. Malati whole year used to preserve the seeds of flowers- one-leaf flower, two-leaf flower and one having big woven hair muscle-leaf flower. Malati was also of my age. My mother informed me that Malati was six month's older than me, but my father used to tell that Malati was six month's younger than me. And

why he used to tell this, I came to know later on.

During the whole mango season, I and Malati guarded the mango-orchard. But before the onset of night my maternal-uncle Bachhru and Malati's father Khagnathji would come to orchard for guarding it during night. But here also there is no symbolic presence of our love-tale. Our mean that of Keshav and Malati.

But there at pucca village-deity place I am looking for black shaligram-stone. The Shaligram stone- have holed inside. I placed the stone stealthily here somewhere.

The villagers had spent a lot for making the dome of this village-deity place. Earlier here there was nothing. The stairways of pond had been constructed by the king and beside that the pucca temple- only these two. But the poor king could not worship here. Out of shame he did not come to this village.

2

I, Keshav, from village Mangarauni, of Naraune Sulhane root, gotra-Parashar, son of poet Madhurapati.

Malati was the daughter of Khagnath Jha of Mandar Sihaul root, Kashyap Gotra of village Jamsam.

Khagnathji and my maternal uncle Bachhru were tied with friendship-band. Jamsam was the village of my maternal uncle. The maternal-uncle was well-to-do, we were poor. So one month during summer vacation and fifteen days from Durga Pooja till Chhath Pooja; I used to stay at maternal-uncle's village. During summer vacation I used to guard mango orchard; from ripening of white-mango variety till ripening of Kalkatia mango variety. And during the Durga Pooja we enjoyed the pooja from sixth date till the immersion ceremony. Again during Deepawali festival, inflamed the leaves of bamboo and returned to my village during Chhath festival.

And in between I occasionally visited my maternal-uncle's village.

With Malati I often quarreled, I was in fourth class perhaps. During summer festival I had been to my maternal uncle's mango orchard. On some topic I had stopped talking to Malati, as I was angry. However I was softened by Malati and she softened me in an unusual way.

-I am sorry for that..

- For what?

-For that over which we quarreled.

But that topic was neither remembered by me nor by her. And I never quarreled with Malati on any topic. She, however, often used to be angry, then I asked her that on which matter she has stopped talking to me. And if that matter is not remembered then why this quarrel all about?

After summer vacationcame Durga Pooja and after Durga Pooja vacation I waited for summer vacation. And from when this wait began I did not remember.

3

Father did share-cropping in village. After middle school there was no school for higher education in vicinity. All the Samskrit schools had closed.

So there was no vacation for me. Yearlong, either it was work or vacation. My mother's parents were alive. My mother was respectfully brought to her father's place now and then. I also used to visit my maternal uncle's village in two to four months.

There were many problems at village. Not knowing what the basic concept was, I often heard the talk of preservation of Panji from the mouth of my father. And this preservation was only possible if I

would be married to Malati, which also I heard from him.

Malati was my friend. But we distanced after the preservation of Panji topic began. The ease with which we met suddenly started to vanish. While seeing her I started seeing the face of a wife, that should had gone in her mind also.

4

Bachhru Mama had come to my village.

Madhurapati- Bachhru, in your hands now is all my respect. The daughter of Khagnath is simply appropriate for Keshav. She is beautiful and good-natured, but our Keshav is also magnificent. Both are of same age but Malati is younger by some days. Oh. You do know that my father gave seven hundred rupees to the bride's father and then my marriage was solemnized and my father had Panji. But we do not have land now. Yesterday the geneologist came on mare, mare intoxicated with hubble-bubble. He told at once that only Khagnath's daughter is available, while he prepared the list of probables. And if that does not happen, I would be debared from east-coast Shrotriya's group.

Bachhru- I am asking to Khagnath. He is my friend, but what is inside his mind that only he will tell.

And I did not know why my heart had filled with love. I had accompanied my maternal-uncle.

5

Malati- Keshav. If you are married to somebody else then how we would meet.

Keshav- If you are married to somebody else then how you would ask these meaningless questions?

Malati- But you understood one thing? Yesterday your maternal-uncle was talking to my father regarding marriage of ours!

Keshav- Then?

Malati- No, all was well but then a messenger from the King of Darbhanga came and told that there was a message from the King.

Keshav- What was the message from the king?

Malati- I do not know. But the messenger told my father not to finalise my marriage for sometime.

Keshav- You are so beautiful. King must have seen some boy for you.

Malati- I do not know…

6

The caravan of the minister of the King in front of Khagnathji's house! What change was brought in these two days? That messenger passed on some message perhaps. So Khagnathji is in such a hurry now, for the marriage of his daughter! See the swiftness. People in large numbers, all are engaged in the welcome-ceremony. And I too was observing everything. By evening my father had also come. There went the minister's caravan and my father's hand touched the forehead. And he went into silence. Khagnath was also silent.

King has sent the proposal of his maaiage with Malati. King Bireshwar Singh. What a shame! He must have been over forty years of age and the proposal of marriage with this thirteen-fourteen years old girl? What was tha status of Khagnathji, how he can oppose the proposal?

My father was anxious; the Panji would not be preserved?

On that day in the evening I met Malati near the corner of her house. Her big eyes, like Karjani, were swollen, like these had wept without console for hours. What I talked to her, I do not remember. Yes, but in the end I had told her that everything would be alright.

7

In Jamsam village the girl was solemnized for King Bireshwar Singh.

In Jamsam village a pond was digged. Beside the pond a temple was constructed, how the king would worship in any other's temple?

But I, Keshav, was the son of Poet Madhurapati!

The marriage date came nearer. There was no other marriage date during that season. And on that evening I had already talked everything to Malati.

On wooden cart the front press; and backside is unstable. The press on front is good because if it does not happen then the backside would be unstable and the cart would tumble. But I balanced the backside. I waited for Malati near the bamboo trees.

She came and sat on the cart. Whoever saw me on the road did not talk to me for fear that the cart would tumble. She saw a colourful Patrangi bird and nearly exclaimed- I put my fingers on her lips.

I brought Malati to my village. The dhoti was being coloured. Somebody came from Malati's village to enquire about Malati. I captured and kept that person. "And who would perform the ceremony of Kanyadan from bride's side"- when this question arose, he was brought in front. "He is from bride's village so he would perform kanyadaan".

I put down the leather Salamshahi shoe, wore dhoti and performed the marriage rites. The vermillon-ceremony, putting vermillon on the

head of Malati was written to be performed only with my hand.

8

Now what King Bireshwar Singh would do?

He called the geneologist and ordered to put the derogatory title “Tashkar”- the robber- before my name in Panji. But Madhurapati was full with pride for his son. Tiger’s son again a tiger! Panji and water both go downward. But after Tashkar Keshav marries Khagnath Jha of Srikant Jha Panji’s daughter, Madhurapati’s shrotriya category would remain existent.

And after one hundred years a play is going to be performed in this village; Sultana- the robber!

And I, Tashkar Keshav, from root Mangrauni Naraune Sulhani of Parashar Gotra, son of Poet Madhurapati, am looking for any symbol of my love-tale in this village Jamsam. But only king Bireshwar Singh’s that pond and now dilapidated temple could be seen. Poor guy, he did not come to this village out of shame.

This pond and that dilapidated temple are the remains of our love.

2.

Maithili Short-story “Sidha Mahavira” by Gajendra Thakur re-written in English by the author himself.

The Proved Mahavir

1

Beside the road was Anmana Didi’s house.

It was a hut not a house. In every courtyard of the village there happens to be a house of a widow. But when the family expands then some of the members rotate the front of their house and some other encircles their home. And sometime that widow’s home’s latitude and longitude changes; and that last option was applicable

to Anmana Didi’s house.

But the house of Anmana Didi is beside the road. She is originally from the other side’s *Majkothia* quarter of the village, but her house has shifted near to my house. They are majority people. The daughter’s of nearby places go to Anmana Didi’s house during day time, during midday, for picking louse from the head of Anmana Didi. To whom she is nearer in lineage that would be known after she dies. During rites whoever is nearer in lineage would do last-rites and he would get the dwelling land of Anmana Didi. But that possibility has gone now. In Jhanjharpur Anmana Didi was married. There she kept her sister’s son as her own son. But the love for her father’s village still remains in her heart.

She comes in her hut, once a month at least. She cooks herself. But at Jhanjharpur she has a big house and a big courtyard. But she did not invite her son and daughter-in-law even once to her father’s village.

The whole village calls a widow Didi if she resides in her father’s village and ‘aunty of abc vilage’ if she resides in her husband’s village.

So the whole village calls her Anmana Didi.

Beside the hut she has constructed a temple of Mahavir Bajaangwali. From the beginning it was not pucca one but she made it pucca by selling grains. Earlier it was a hut-temple. Whenever Anamana Didi goes to Jhanjharpur, she shuts its gate. Later on she started locking it with chain and lock. But the temple of Bajarangwali remained open for people, all the time. The village daughters did cleaning work. It was later converted to pucca one, later on. The ceiling of the temple was casted even later; earlier it was a raw one. She wanted the floor to be plastered but the

estimate came into the way. The home of the Lord would trinkle in rainy season? But for casting and plaster work money would come from where?

Today I feel that we all do hard labour; that do not have affinity with anybody; Oh, I do not get time. But Anamana Didi's day to day work, devoted to God from morning to evening. But for her adopted son she often finds time. In between she goes to her village situated near Jhanjharpur bazaar. She maintains her house at Jhanjharpur. Then again she comes to village…her father's village. See… you attempt to become *Sthitaprajna* by reading Gita. Look at Anamana Didi? The answer to my salute by Anamana Didi; be happy, she replies. No happiness or sorrow in her voice! No desire for any respect, no desire for getting any help.

She goes to the Dhanuktola, Dusadhtola quarters of village. The people of these tolas give her respect. The do not have any desire to grab her dwelling land. I see Anama Didi's face-smile when she visits these tolas. She never asks for any help from the people of her own tola. The people of her tola will help once and would tell their wives. And after that for years these wifes would remind Anamana Didi of the favour they had done.

-Didi, it is work for Lord Hanumanji, his temple is beside the road. We all go by the road and worship him by bowing our head. We would work without accepting any wages.

-No dear, the pilgrimage and God's work should not be undertaken in this manner. I am not a queen and would never construct temple or would never dig a pond without paying wages to the laboureres.

But the casting and plaster work?

2

Adjacant to this roadside temple one acre of land is in the name of Anamana Didi. After casting work is over she will register this land in the name of God. Whatever havest would be cropped, it would be used in the maintenance of the temple.

From some time a nephew from the neighbourhood is after Anamana Didi.

-Didi, I am your nearest nephew. This land is adjacent to my house. Earlier the people gave land adjacent to road to people of lower caste and to widows. But now the time has changed. Now the value of house and land beside the road has increased. You will die someday. Then this land would be a bone of contention for all of the quarter of our village.

You will die someday- tell this to a woman whose husband is alive! But you can tell it to a widow, although she had adopted a boy and has full-fledged family having daughter-in-law and grandchildens; okay sir.

-This land has been earmarked for God. This is the source of my livelihood. Whatever I save after cutting my expense from my livelihood that is preserved for casting and plaster of God's house. The land and earning of Jhanjharpur property is for son and daughter-in-law. So how could I…

-Again Didi. You did not understand the thing. Till your death keep all these property; earn your livelihood. I ask if the people of our quarter of village should struggle after your death. You would like it? And I am your nearest nephew…

-See, look at the adage. The nephew works as a salaried person in some distant town. Whoever lives in village desist fom talk with Didi fearing she might ask for some help. But whenever this nephew comes to village he comes to meet her. And this time when I was in

Jhanjharpur he went there too. That I now know how it came to his mind! Now I understand. But how casting of this temple-ceiling would be done. I would get it plastered later on. The ceiling of the temple leaks so much, this year it leaked even more. The raw ceiling did not work even for two years. That would be replaced by casting by Karim Miyan and Lakshmi Mistri; then only it would work. See what happens.

The nephew comes to Didi's house even more often.

-Alright Didi, give me half the land. In half acre your nephew's dwelling would get settled and land for God would also be saved.

-But there would not be any outlet to road for your dwelling land. Then what would be the benefit?

-Leave it. Still I come through our quarter of village. Now-a-days only it has become a fashion to construct house near crossings and beside the road. But on crossings or beside the road only the house of God would be appropriate. Ten thousand rupees for half an acre, whenever you ask I would pay; the registry of land would be in addition to that.

-Alright. Then I will think over it and then I will inform you. Once I would have to ask my son and daughter-in-law.

What is the way out? The walls of God's house are blackened with tampblack. Leave the wall, the statue of Lord Bajrangwali is also blackened with tampblack. Anmana Didi was thinking over all these. She was thinking and thinking and then the morning birds started singing.

I will sell the land, what other option, no?

The son and daughter-in-law said-

“Dear Mother. That land is for God and that we know since beginning. But look, he should not be doing any mischief.”

-What mischief? He is paying price on the upperside.

For God’s temple ten thousand rupees is not a small amount. I had only this much out of my lifetime savings. This half-constructed temple would remain as it is? I would talk to Lakshmi Mistri and Karim Miyan. Ten thousand rupees is sufficient not only for casting and plaster but this is sufficient for constructing a boundary-wall too! Estimade was made. The work would start from the following day of registry; and it would be completed before the rainy season of *Bhadra*.

3

Look, registry was completed. Dasji is expert in paperwork; it is a proved fact- my God, it must have been a complete work, perfect paper must had been prepared.

“This is the first time that I have got the opportunity of preparing papers for God!” Dasji’s spoken line made Anamana Didi ecstatic.

People tell lie that the faith of people in God has diminished. Look at this Dasji. I never met him before and not have even a distant introduction. Two registry paper’s- one half-acre land registry in the name of the nephew and the second half-acre registry in the name of God! But he has prepared the papers charging only one fee. He told in clear terms- Didi, I would not accept the fee for the registry-papers prepared in the name of God. Whoever comes for help in times of need are our real ones; the adage by old people always Helds true; and they had said so looking these instances.

Anamana Didi is in a fit. She had come to village on foot. In excitement she is not able to ahink anything else. She brings out everything from the temple. From tomorrow work will begin. Laxmi

Mistri has kept there his implements for work. Anamana Didi has already preserved the empty vessels for this work. Pond is nearby, although full of lichen and moss; but the people of the village had made some space clear at various places of pond so that their buffalows could drink the water.

But there is chaos in the morning. Karim Mian has been stopped from doing work. Who stopped him? Inform my nephew. But after registry he proceeded directly from Jhanjharpur to his place of work. The registry papers are also with Anamana Didi. The work has been objected by tne nephew’s brother-in-law. He will not allow the boundary wall to be constructed. But yesterday at the time of registry he was also present, then? He is saying that the land beside the road is of his brother-in-law. Look, then this temple would also be in his name? He must be in some confusion. The nephew would return in the beginning of the next month, after he withdraws his salary. For a month Anamana Didi did detours of Jhanjharpur and the village. The son and daughter-in-law told her that it might have been a ploy of the nephew. No, do not tell that. Dasji seemed good-natured. Look what happens.

4

-Didi, you are having some confusion.

-Then this temple is also yours, no?

-No Didi. This temple is of God and would emain that of God. And the lord of the other side of land is also God.

-Then this hut is also yours, no?

-No Didi. Till you live remain there. Who will stop you?

-Boy, I am obliged. And the outlet for the backside land is neither from our quarter of the village nor from the roadside.

-Didi. Go through my land, who will stop you? And in the cultivated areas everybody passes through the raised dividing line. Those farmers who do not have land beside the road go to their land or not? You are talking in a divisive tone of new generation people.

-But all these you did not tell me early on.

-Didi. I told you all these. But it appears that you are in confusion. If you do not remember I would call Dasji, after all he is an neytral outsider.

-Alright. He is also part of the plot.

-He charged fee for only one registry and you are saying that he is part of the plot?

The voice of the nephew became harsher, he became restless and uttering loud words departed quickly.

5

Today's morning of Anamana Didi at his father's village is similar to that morning of his husban's place on which she widowed. Today the daughter of the village did not come for licking loose out of the head of Anamana Didi. The night long discussion of Anamana Didi with Lord Bajrangwali has just concluded in the morning. The people hearing this in night tried to lull their children by patting. Somebody came in the morning and suggested for arbitration with the help of village panchayat. But Anamana Didi was angry with Lord Bajrangwali.

"I was planning to sell only half the land but he got registered the land beside the temple and the land that is in the name of God now has no approach from the temple. Not only talk about the connection, there is any way to go to that land from the temple? And look to this Bajrangwali. Mahavir! What power is inside him? After

half-starving for forty years I brought him from hut to pucca building. Let casting be done, let boundary wall be constructed, only that was my desire and that too for him. Ha…

6

That morning Anamana Didi was standing at the door of his nephew. The people thought that now more strife would ensue. But look, what is happening? The brother of Lakshmi has brought rickshaw. Anamana Didi is going to Jhanjharpur accompanied by her nephew! Who said this? She does not have a word with anybody. I even asked for arbitration but she almost disagreed. Alright, Lakshmi's brother told all this. Yes, one who has gone to call the rickshaw must had told him that the rickshaw is to go to Jhanjharpur.

Dasji had to prepare one more registry paper. By looking at Anamana Didi he started trembling, O God, what she would tell to him. But Anamana Didi was in so much anger that she did not tell anything. She swallowed her anger. She registered the backside land too in the name of her nephew. And she returned after registry from Jhanjharpur station to Jhanjharpur bazaar to her son and daughter-in-law.

Lakshmi's brother returned to village. He took two passengers to Jhanjharpur station but came back with only one passenger. He brought a message also, message from Lakshmi Mistri and Karim Miyan. From tomorrow morning the work would be started, again?

7

The boundary wall was constructed barring the temple of God and Anamana Didi's house. I have told Anamana Didi, nobody would touch her house till she dies.

House or hur, first year it got partly damaged. In second rainy season the bamboo support fell. But Anamana Didi did not come. The message was given to her by a person from village. The casting work of temple could not be completed. Anamana Didi went to Haridwar and returned to Jhanjharpur.

People asked her-

-What you asked from the Ganges.

-This blind faith should go out of my mind.

-And what you sacrificed to the Ganges.

-My anger, I gave it to the Ganges.

Anamana Didi said only this-

“What would you do? There is no power in Lord Bajrangwali. Let the hut fall. The hut with a bamboo support- how long would it last.

8

Many years passed. Not many years but only five years. The nephew had come to village, after withdrawing his monthly salary. In the morning after he got himself relieved near pond he came near to hand-pump to clean his hand. He sat there with his water-pot. Then a pain he felt near his chest, and he could not be saved. People began to talk, look at the curse of Anamana Didi; Didi had wept and wept that day. Before that day there was no power inside the statue of Bajrangwali. But a curse with deep hurt feeling does work. That day the Bajrangwali awoke. Today he has shown his power.

But Anamana Didi told the messenger that there happens to be no life inside the stone. It must have been a heart attack. Near her house a day before a Marwari had a heart attack. This attack comes with anxiety. Here there are qualified doctors and this Marwari fellow’s life was saved. In village due to delay in treatment people

lose their lives. So I, in this old age, am living with my son and daughter-in-law in Jhanjharpur.

9

The village is mostly inhabited by the cattle grazer Brahmins. When I saw the game of buffalows fighting with pig during Sukharati festival I lost interest in the game of Polo. The onslaught by the intoxicated buffalows with bhang over the purchased pig from the Dom caste of village Samiya is worth watching.

The buffalo grazers sat over the buffalo with control is also unimaginable. The participation of Dom caste in festivals is apparent. From making big baskets to fans for summer season there is participation of Dom caste in public life. And the the meat for marriage party is obtained through slaughter house of Muslim tola. The head of sacrificed animal is retained by the Durga Pooja committee.

Look where your mind is wandering.

The Muslim do slaughter in normal days, the half cut neck remains intact. He keeps the head and skin. And the people from the buffalo grazer Brahmins perform devotional songs on weekdays or on a more auspicious twenty four hour round-the-clock devotional song running event using the drum that is constructed using those skins. And that devotional song is going to be performed today before the Lord Bajrangwali.

Devotional song is to be performed today before the proved Mahavira! The big flag is flying, that is there since the Ramanavmi festival. The bell alongwith some other gadget is ringing. The flag of the Hanuman temple is flying. It is evening time, the buffalo grazers have arrived. If there is any festival, be it the Sukharati festival or Ramnavmi or any other festival, the devotional song is performed

before Lord Hanuman. And that is matter of faith of the people of the village. And that is being performed today.

The smoke of fire is trying to separate the insect from the body of cattle. One person has come with another for a solemn vow. The villagers have got plastered the Hanumanji temple. The casting of ceiling has also been completed. The number of persons who do not want to repay their debt can simply deny it by touching the verandah of the temple, but there is only one brave exceptional person. He says- the solemn vow is meant for breaking the vow. Yes brother, if one is free from debt by simply touching the verandah of the temple then what is the problem. But it is the only exception. People have started calling Anamana Didi as Anamana mystic (Baba). She died some years back. She did not return to village. To reduce the effects of evil eye over the dwelling land of her nephew some priest has suggested that a cow should always be there at the door and that cow is there. The passers by see the cow grazing green grass and that takes out the effect of evil eye.

Hanumanji's flag is flying high. It is evening time. Brother Gonar is playing the drum ceaselessly.

Now Anamana mystic's word is accepted by many. True, before the statue of Hanumanji there are two sets of devotees. One set of people are of rationalistic thought- Anamana mystic registered the remaining half acre of land to her nephew that instilled fear and anxiety in her nephew's heart. He could not esist this attack from Anamana Didi. True, there cannot be any power in a stone statue. But the second group has all faith in this Hanumanji, this Hanumanji is a proved one, this Hanumanji is a live one. Look, challenge an ant and she would bite you even though it may mean death for her. And Anamana Didi challenged Lord Mahavir and how he would leave the

challenge?

Brother Gonar is playing Dholak ceaselessly. He would please Hanumanji, no doubt about that. The intoxicant bhang-pill is working, his eyes are intoxicated and his hands are ceaselessly playing the Dholak. And if seen from his eyes, the stone statue of the proved Mahavir would look like a live one as though soul has entered into it.

3.The science of Words (ShabdaShastram)

The Sun is in the fifth sign of zodiac, normally between sixteenth of August to Sixteenth of September of a year. If you want to dry something then it is the best time to do so as during this period most intense light and heat of Sun falls on earth.

During this fifth sign of the zodiac the palm-leaves of Milu's father remain placed under Sun, annual preservation plan, that instills life in these palm-leaves. Ananda did preservation work of these palm leaves paying full attention. She places these palm leaves under the intense light and heat of Sun, Milu remembers vividly. Ananda's life spent with Milu. But before the onset of this year's fifth sign of Leo of the sun-zodiac Ananda had departed… And now when she is not present, then how the preservation of life would be possible, the life of Milu's and of these palm-leaf inscriptions…

Fallacy, the fallacy of words, we ascribe our personal meaning to words. And after that confusion begins.

In the courtyard of Lukesari there is a tree of sandalwood

Beneath that the cuckoos clamour

I will cut the sandalwood tree and will encircle the courtyard

Cuckoo, your clamouring will end

The cuckoo of the jungle began crying

The cuckoos clamour stopped

Oh cuckoo, cuckoo of youthfulness, do not cry

Clamour cuckoo, clamour

Whichever jungle you would go

Your marks would remain there

Tear; do not come out of eyes

I will wrap both your wings with gold, o cuckoo

I will wrap both your lips with silver

O my cuckoo dear, whichever jungle you would go

The maks of 'garland of blood' would remain

Some voice seemed to come from the village quarter of tanners…the voice of Ananda.

But Ananda has departed, only some hours before Bachlu has seen her dead body. After informing Milu he just returned to the village quarter of scavengers... And Ananda has died when she was quite old. Then this voice of young Ananda; it may be a fallacy, fallacy of words. The father of Milu, Srikar Mimamsak, often told many things on the science of words. We ascribe meaning to the words and then the confusion begins.

I

The Science of Words

There was a tumult.

The turmoil began. In the river Balan one corpse was floating. Beside the washerman's quay the corpse has edged.

From where it has come nobody knows. It is deadbody of some old age woman. But the washerwoman recognizes it. She tells the name and address of her to the villager, to the villager Bachlu of

village quarter of scavengers. The family of the woman has been informed. One old man lives in that house…house of Milu. Milu's village quarter people have brought the dead body to the village. Milu performed the last rites.

In village this incident became topic of discussion. The old Bachlu knows something more. He knows the women of that corpse. The new generation does not know many things.

The dead body of Ananda was there in the flames…

-Ananda was kind natured, she understood things quickly. Her daughters were married in well to do families. Her son was also learned. Milu, husband of Ananda, was also highly educated…son of Srikar Mimamsak. Never Milu or Ananda has asked anything from anybody, even in times of need.

Bachlu has also come of age. In this village only Milu is older than him. The people call these two as "old man".

And this old man Bachlu knows many things.

……

Discussion between Milu and Srikar were more common. Something I understood and something I did not.

-Milu, in the book Bhamati Vachaspati tells that the base of ignorance living being which becomes its subject. You will accept which method for self-introspection. How untruth can be the cause for something? The existence of something, how can this fact prove something as true and how it can prove its existence in three ages? That which is neither true nor false and which is also not both, only that is unspeakable. Without any subject and the knower of that subject, how the concept of zero can be explained.

-Milu, Kumaril says that Atman is a living inertia. During awakened stage it is knowledgeable and during sleep stage it is without knowledge.

-Milu, Vachaspati says in Bhamati that a person expert in a science that is without self-introspection behaves with society in the same way as an animal behaves. He fleds on seeing a person coming holding a stick and if he sees someone coming with grass basket then he goes near to him. It means that he fears fear.

“A person expert in a science that is without self-introspection behaves with society in the same way as an animal behaves. He fleds on seeing a person coming holding a stick and if he sees someone coming with grass basket then he goes near to him.” This topic, however, I understood fully.

………………

It was season of Mango fruits.

Monkeys and Nilagayas trampled cultivated land and the bison trampled vegetables grown in land behind the residences in the village.

“All have been destroyed Bachlu. Monkeys do not see during night. I will go to the orchard in morning. Nilagayas have already grazed all crops now these monkeys are after mango fruits.”

I did remember that during mango season Monkeys and Nilagayas had arrived that year.

It was the season of Mangoes. So Milu will have to begin guard of mango orchad. The mangoes are to be guarded; the flowers are turning into fruits. Milu has to construct a loft. I was also with him. We were returning after cutting the bamboos.

We were coming beside the small pond. It was morning time. The red line of the sky seemed yellowish.

-Come through the pathway Bachlu.

I began to come forward through the pathway in midfield.

Then I saw some blood. I became nervous after seeing the blood.

But I got elaxed soon. The sharp leaves of bamboo bruised hand and mouth of a girl.

The girl had tears in her eyes. Milu swept the blood and put some damp soil onto her bruises.

-What are you doing?

-The flow of blood would stop, it would not come out now.

The girl has run over the midfield pathway.

-What is your name?

-Ananda.

-From which village you are from?

-From this village.

-From this village?

We both exclaimed.

Yes, Ananda was her name. And it was the first meeting of Milu with her.

………………

The loft in mango orchard got constructed. But Ananda did not surface after that.

Milu often asked about her.

-From which quarter of village she is from? She is neither from the quarter of Mishras nor from the quarter of Westerners or Thakurs.

-If she had been from the quarter of scavengers then I would have known her.

-Then how she is from our village. And if she is from our village then why till date we have not met her?

But in between these events coherence appeared. In the quarter of Milu an investiture ceremony of the son of brother Phude got occasioned. On the auspicious day of cutting of bamboo related to the ceremony I had gone outside the village at tanner's quarter, to call the pipers.

-Hiru brother, O Hirua brother.

-He is coming.

A lady voice came out. The voice seemed familiar to me.

-who are you?

-I am daughter of Hiru. What you want?

-Your father did not reach at the ceremony of bamboo cutting; the voice of his pipe is missing there. I have come here to call him.

-He is preparing for that occasion.

-What is your name?

At that very moment a girl came outside pushing aside creepers hanging from the house enclosure made of bamboo.

-I am Ananda. I recognized you. What is your name?

I was feeling cold. But I had to answer.

-Bachlu.

-And your friends name?

-Milu, son of Pandit Srikara.

I told milu's father's name to Ananda, although she did not ask it. Not knowing why…I told this to her.

At that moment Hirua came with his pipe. I accompanied him to the quarter of Milu.

While coming I asked to Hirua- Ananda is your daughter but I had never seen her.

-She lived at her maternal uncle's place, most of the time. But now she has come of age. So I brought her to village.

-When she will now go to her maternal uncle's place?

-No. Now she is of marriageable age. Now she would remain with us.

Milu, son of Panditji; he was my friend. What he would feel after listening to this news. From some time he is asking for her. I wished that Ananda should go to her maternal uncle's village and I would be free Milu's epeated questioning.

But now Ananda would remain in village and Pandit Srikar's son Milu, what will he do?

Oh…I, myself, am thinking out of context. Milu has asked about Ananda in a natural way. That does not mean that…but if means it then?

The son of a Brahmin and the daughter of a tanner…

Pandit Srikar will approve this relationship? The village people will approve this relationship?

Oh…I am again thinking out of context. The pipe started blowing. Men and women moved forward towards the bamboo plantation, through midfield pathway. I and Milu accompanied them. On the way I tried to locate that place. The place of first meeting of Milu and Ananda…some voice seemed to come…voice of pure music…no vocal sound.

The boy whose investiture ceremony was occasioned had marked the bamboos that were to be cut. The bamboos started falling. The lifting of sacred loft in the courtyard was to be done on toaday's auspicious day. After the labour and sweat only my mind got some peace. After lifting bamboo I and Milu had moved on that…that midfield pathway.

But Milu had started asking me. Because no work that had been assigned to me got so much delayed result. He was my Lord Rama and I was his fan Hanuman.

Sitting on loft in the orchard I said Milu one day-

-Milu. Please forget her. Why you are bent upon giving bad name to her. Ananda is Hirua's daughter. Although she asked only your name I told her both your and your father's name.

-She asked for my name?

-No, but…

-Then why you told her my father's name?

-One day she would have come to know this…

-That day I would have faced…now she would ignore me…now I have to put some extra effort.

-What effort? You are Brahmin Srikar's son and she is the daughter of Hirua tanner. Why you are bent upon giving her a bad name?

-I will marry her, why I would give her a bad name?

-Who you are deceiving?

-I am deceiving nobody dear.

Milu took decisions in a sudden manner. He was son of Srikar, the knower of Mimamsa school of Indian philosophy. I witnessed the palm-leaf inscriptions lying everywhere in his house. So I was not believing him.

-In village I had never seen her.

-You never stay in village for long. From the school of your teacher you returned only last year.

-But you had also not sen her.

-She lived at her maternal uncle's village.

-Would she go to her maternal uncle's village again?

-No, I asked regarding this. She would now remain in village. Lasy year Milu's mother died in village.

Srikar Mimamsak became almost crazy, in this way the fellow village-quarter discussed about him. How there would be preservation of palm leaves in this year's Leo zodiac of sun? Srikar was grappling with this anxiety and so he had become almost crazy…in this way it was being discussed by the people of his quarter of village.

…..

Hirr…hirr…hirr…

From my quarter of village, Domasi, I and Milu were voicing hirr…hirr sound and were following the pigs. We reached the tanner's quarter of the village. Ananda, however, met us midway. Alongwith the pigs I moved forward. After a while I turned my head around to overhear the talk between Ananda and Milu.

Hirr…hirr…

This time Ananda voiced hirr sound and I smiled and moved further forward alongwith pigs.

This incident got repeated many times and took several rounds. Hiru came to me several times.

Hiru was agitated all the time. Hiru's wife began praying for her daughter.

How distant is the temple of Goddess
How distant is the temple of Lukesari
Many miles I went for appeal
Goddess, look unto me.
Many miles I went for appeal
Goddess, look unto me.
Four miles is the temple of Goddess
Eight miles is the temple of Lukesari
Ten miles I went for appeal
Goddess, look unto me
Ten miles I went for appeal
Goddess, look unto me
Which flower for the temple of Goddess?
Which flower for the temple of Goddess Bandi?
Which flower for my chosen appeal?
Goddess, look unto me
Which flower for my chosen appeal?
Goddess, look unto me
This flower for the temple of Goddess
That jasmine flower for the temple of Lukesari
Marigold flower I chose for appeal
Goddess, look unto me
Marigold flower I chose for appeal
Goddess, look unto me
…..

Hiru used to come to Domasi, the village quarter of the scavenger class).

-What will happen? How it will happen?

-False…

I promised him that I would accompany him to Srikar Pandit.

And I accompanied him one day to Srikar Mimamsak. Srikar's wife died soon after the Leo zodiac of sun. And after that Hiru Mimamsak became crazy…people say. Who people? Those people who were from his quarter of the village. The people of village, the learned people of the area gave respect to him. I am telling that I had seen with my eyes…

"Come Bachlu. Hiru, come and sit down…"- Srikar relapsed into silence. After the death of his wife he became like this. He seemed normal but suddenly used to relapse into silence.

"Uncle, the courtyard of your house sounds the voice of emptiness. How long it would remain so? Why not you get married your son Milu?"

"Milu has already taken decision about his marriage."

"When and where?" I became agitated and asked. Hiru seemed to look towards me with relieved eyes.

"He has decided to marry Ananda. Her father has come with you."

Oh...And Srikar Pandit was of that type.

And Milu was of that type. He has already hypnotized his father. But a person from Srikar's quarter of vthe village overheard this talk.

We all were seated and then that person came to the lobby of Srikar's house, accompanied with some other persons. An argument ensued among Srikar Pandit and these people. The opposite argument, word for word, ensued.

“Srikar, which demeanour you are doing?”

“Which type of demeanour?”

“You did not have sense of distinguishing great and mean Mimamsak?”

“Dear learned folks! What is this great and mean differentiation? After hearing these words the meaning of those has entered your head in one or the other way. You have created a sentence out of these words and have mixed your selfishness in it...”

“That means that great and mean are only meanings of words? And the analysis that we have done after making it a sentence is selfishness.”

“If you do not believe then surrender the selfish content from the sentence. All fallacy would be falsified.”

“Meaning you are hell bent upon carrying out marriage of Milu with Ananda.”

“Dear Learned folks! You confuse snake for rope because both of these have separate existence. If you squeeze your eyes then you would see two moons; then you place moons in two real places of sky. The reason for fallacy is not the subject but the attachment, although both purpose and and result are true. And here also the knowledge of all subjects cannot give knowledge of the self. One’s nature is described by knowledge of self through the concept of self. Self is subject and object both of knowledge. The knowledge of self is both subject and object. The meaning of substance is obtained through attachment. The meaning of a word is near its inference after we hear a word.

-You are creating fallacy of words. We all see in this your desire of marriage between Milu and Ananda.

-Desire is a resolve and if desire does not get fulfilled then it is envy.

-The all these we are saying is out of envy? You do not give value to caste?

-See, Ananda is full with all qualities and mine caste and her caste is the same; and that is pro-active and known to all. She will be able to preserve my legacy that I believe. And that is my decision.

“And that is my decision”- these words did not enter in my and Hiru’s ears simultaneously. I had known Srikar and Milu, the type of sudden decisions I was accustomed to. But Hiru had heard echo of these words after some time. His amazed eyes turned and looked towards me.

Then Srikar Mimamsak pointed a finger towards one person, an astrologer.

-Jyotishji, you select one auspicious day. In this season this holy marriage should be occasioned. The leo zodiac of the sun is arriving, before that. Anyone of you has any objection?”

All stood on their feet with bowed head. Who would stand opposite to Srikar Mimamsak?

“All of us came here to discuss. But if you had already taken a decision then there remains nothing to oppose.”

Mimamsak’s hand got raised and all became silent.

I and Hiru moved from there.

Hiru took a deep breath that I felt.

…..

It was not that any other obstruction did not come.

But that crazy Srikar Mimamsak was scholar of repute. And Ananda became his daughter-in-law. And her touched water was acceptable not only to Milu’s quarter of village but among all the scholars in the

vicinity.

…..

In the house of Ananda’s father the marriage ceremony was organized. I had heard the songs, full of life, I still remember-

The black bee that slept over the hill

Gardener-daughter sleeping in garden

Get up gardener-daughter keep the garland

The black bee that slept over the hill

Gardener-daughter slept in the garden

Get up gardener-daughter keep the garland.

With what flower I would cover Goddess Lukesari

With what I would make her clothes

With what flower I will knot to make it an ornament

Get up gardener-daughter, place the garland

With Arabian jasmine flower I will cover Bandi

With Spanish jasmine I will clothe her

China rose would be the ornament of Lukesari

Get up gardener-daughter, thread the garland

Get up gardener-daughter, thread the garland

…..

Srikar Mimamsak became composed after assigning the task of preservation of palm leaf inscriptions, to Ananda. After the death of his wife the poor man was in apprehension.

Divine interference, Ananda seemed to have come to preserve these palm leaves. In a sudden turn of events…

Milu told me how he convinced Srikar Pandit about this marriage. The daughter of a Brahmin would be busy in cleaning utensils and

Pooja materials; would be busy in making earthen Lord Shiva; and the palm leaves would get damaged.

He would not allow these palm leaves to be destroyed; Ananda would come to his home. Srikar Mimamsak had decided.

For life Milu had been grateful to his own decision.

Srikar's age seemed to have increased. The talk between Srikar and Ananda always continued in house.

Ananda talked and singed-

When twelve yeas passed and thirteenth arrived

When twelve years passed the thirteenth arrived

Folks, my mother-in-law call me tigress

She would banish tigress from her house.

Folks, my mother-in-law call me tigress

She would banish tigress from her house.

Outside the courtyard of yours is standing the moneylender

Folks, give me Madar and Thorn-apple, I will grind and will drink it

Folks, give me Madar and Thorn-apple, I will grind and will drink it

The beloved has come from outside and sat on bedstead

The beloved has come from outside and sat on bedstead

Folks, tell the thoughts of your heart; after that I will drink poison

Folks, tell the thoughts of your heart; after that I will drink poison

When twelve years passed and thirteenth arrived

Folks, mother-in-law calls me tigress

I will banish tigress from home.

My mother-in-law beats me, my sister-in-law beats me

My mother-in-law beats me, my sister-in-law beats me

Folks, these will go and all the wealth would be mine

Folks, these will go and all the wealth would be mine

Keep silence; keep silence proud women you are great, proud women

Keep silence; keep silence proud women you are great, proud women

Poud women, I will perform holy-basil-plant oblation and will squander all my wealth

Folks; I will perform pond oblation and will squander all my wealth.

Srikar Mimamsak would jokingly ask- Ananda, you do not had mother-in-law, the how she would be calling you tigress?

-Therefore I am singing, everything I have, but…

While speaking this Ananda's eyes were full of tears. I still remember this.

-I caused you pain by telling this.

-What pain; I do not have mother-in-law but I do have father-in-law.

Looking at happy Srikar, Milu always felt satisfaction.

…..

Even after death of Srikar Mimamsak Ananda continued instill life in these palm-leaves.

In due course Milu had two daughters, Vallabha and Medha.

I had seen the joy on the face of Ananda. She had gone to her mothe's place. There she gave birt to twins-

You Red Fairy. O. Pink fairy.

You Red Fairy. O. Pink fairy.

O. Over the sky would dance the Indra Fairy.

O . On the rose would dance the Indra Fairy.

And in due course he had son. When son Megha grew he sent him to Benaas for study.

And days passed by, daughters grew and both Medha and Vallabha were

Married and Milu had inner satisfaction.

His son's upbringing and marriage was also going on side by side. Megha began teaching in Benaas. Megha, Medha and Vallabha all three came to village at least once a year.

People forgot many things about them.

II

The stage of Bhamati

Ananda is preserving the palm-leaves of Milu's father; that intense heat, Milu still remember.

Ananda's life passed with Milu and when she is not present then how Milu's life would be preserved… Milu gets lost in thought in between the elucidation.

The elucidation is going on. Milu would not hear the holy Garu Purana. Milu would like Mandan's Brahmsidhi, Vachaspati's Bhamati, if he would decide to hear something. If the daughters are insisting then he would hear Kumaril's philosophy on the subject os Self. And that elucidation is going on.

The fallacy; the fallacy caused by words. Srikar often spoke many things about the science of words and on the philosophical stage of Bhamati. We ascribe meaning to words and then begin the confusion.

-Teacher; after death of my wife I am in distress. What is this life? Where would be Ananda?

-Milu; be composed. This lesson of Brahmasidhi will remove all your illusion. In Brahmsidhi there are four divisions- Brahma, Logic, Command and Accomplishment. In Brahma division the discussion is on forms of Brahma, in Logic division it is on proof, in Command division it is on the liberation of living being and in Accomplishment part there is discussion on the proof of Upanishadic thoughts.

-Milu, there is no subject apart from liberated knowledge. Liberation is knowledge itself. Mandan gives value to the mean knowledge of Man's intellect. He values work. But these alone are not enough for liberation. The sound-word was given a meaning through explosion that Mandan saw. So he is different from Shankar in a way that he identifies this explosion and gives identity to it; but Shankar does not believe in any identity less than that of Brahma. So Mandan is purer non-dualist as compared to Shankar.

-Milu, Mandan does not believe in able and not able as mutually opposed. This sometime means action based difference; but that difference will not become an original element. So that Bahma would remain in all differences and still would do every work.

-Look, the thought at the Bhamati stage of Vachaspati and the philosophy of Mandan, they ae in coherence. On Brahmsidhi of Mandan Mishra Vachaspati has written an elucidation called Epistemology Critique. Although that work is now not available.

-Then how the matter of epistemology critique came forward?

-In Bhamati of Vachaspati there is discussion about it.

-But before knowing thoughts of Mandan I feel that when he lost discussion with Shankaachaya then how one would benefit from his defeated theories and would get peace.

-See, Mandan was defeated; the evidence of this is not available in the writings of Mandan. Mandan was supporter of the theory of

explosion, but Shankaracharya denied it. Mandan was supporter of opposite fame of Kumaril Bhatt; but Shankaracharya's pupil Sureshvaracharya, whom people often identify with Mandan Mishra, opposes opposite fame theory.

-That is right. If Mandan had lost he would have followed Shankaracharya.

-Now tell me, the Sureshvaracharya, who was appointed as head of Sringeri Math by Shankaracharya, says that ignorance is not of two types; but Mandan mentions two types of ignorance in Brahmsidhi as non-acceptance and wrong-acceptance. Mandan tells living one's as abode of ignorance but Sureshvaracharya disagree with it here. Mandan opposes Shankarachaya but Sureshvaracharya follows him.

…..

Mankey and Nilagaya are trampling the cultivated lands and the male-buffalow is trampling the cultivated village lands behind the dwelling houses. Now for my sake the village people would not stop buffalo rearing. Monkey and Nilagaya are damaging the village agriculture.

"Four monkeys are in the orchard and are damaging the mangoes. I had gone there. After evening all monkeys had gone on top of the trees. Till evening we, father and son duo, have guarded cthe orchard and monkeys fled when we threw wooden missiles; but then they went towards your orchard." - I am saying to Milu.

"All has been damaged Milu. In night they are not able to see. In the morning I will go to orchard. The Nilagaya grazed all the crop now, and now these monkeys are after mangoes. Let them damage when…"

“The Nilagaya were completely non-existent in our area for some time. How they have resurfaced again? In the nearby illiterate-village there had been some religious oblation. From there these animals crossed the river in night, to this side.”

“That is not true. These Nilagayas have come from Nepal side in flood water. Let them come when…”

“I told you about the monkeys.”

“That would be done.”

“All right brother, then I am going.” I remember the year, when Ananda and Milu had met for the first time, when during the month of Mangoes monkeys and Nilagayas suddenly disappeared. And now when Ananda has departed these monkeys and nilagayas have resurfaced again from nowhere. Not even fifteen days have passed since Ananda died…

…..

Bachlu left the place and on Milu’s forehead thick line of anxiety began moving, one towards the another like waves do, interfering mutually, the old waves turning into new waves and moving forward. He calls his daughters, his voice aiming towads the courtyard.

“Daughters! Jayakar and Vishwanath had gone to orchard today. Both had returned or not? I head that monkeys are doing mischief there. From tommorow Jayakar and Vishwanath would not go to the orchard, tell them. Today monkeys came to the orchard; you did not tell me this. What I would do after hearing this when…”

“I did tell you father but these days you remain in your own thoughts. When I got tired after repeated call I stopped.”

Yes, Milu is now a days in his own world. These mangoes have begun ripening soon after the death of Ananda. And after so many

years these monkeys and nilagayas have again resurfaced to remind us of something!

…..

Vallabha, the mother of Jayakar and Medha, the mother of Vishwanath; both sisters have come to their mother's place after so many days. They have met after so many days. The daughter's and son-in-laws of Ananda have come; Visho, the husband of Vallabha and Kanh, the husband of Medha. Megh has also come with his wife and children.

Milu is calling his wife…Ananda…Ananda. Then he remembers where she could be found now. The he began calling…where is Vallabha...Where are you Medha? Where are you Jayakar and Vishwanath?

Vallabha and Medha both come and Milu begins singing. The song often sung by Ananda; the songs that Ananda sung for Vallabha and Medha.

Red fairy. O . The Pink fairy

Red fairy. O . The Pink fairy

O. Over sky would dance the Indra fairy

The Goddess of the garland of red-blood is standing on door, the devotee has become poor

O after she became poor she is standing near the door of the blood-garland goddess

Mother we would have to give money to the poor

Mother we would have given money to the poor

Mother we had given money to the poor

Red fairy o pink fairy

Mother, O after she became blind she is standing near the door of the blood-garland goddess

Mother O, give eye to the blind immediately

Mother O, give eye to the blind immediately

The father and both daughters began crying.

…..

-Milu the death of Ananda has arrived like a disaster for you. You are from Brahmin caste and Ananda is from tanner caste. But the love between you is incomparable. Do not be unhappy over her death. Brahma is without sorrow. The fanciful type of Brahma is pure joy. Thereafter your unhappiness over Ananda is inappropriate. Brahma is he who oversees. The visible ones are changeable that does not has any relation with the overseer. This world is not simply a fallacy but it does have an existence. But this practical existence is not true.

-Milu, there is difference between conscious and unconscious; but that is not absolutely true. The living beings are of many types and ignorance is also of many kinds. Ignorance is one vice but the reference of it cannot be Brahma, it cannot be a complete soul. Its reference can only be an incomplete soul. Ignorance then is not true but it is not a major untruth either.

-Milu; please remove this ignorance and that is called liberation, that liberation which Ananda has achieved.

And on the face of Milu complete peace could be seen.

…..

As if Milu is going to meet someone.

He remembers the discussion he had with Ananda.

-Ananda, when I am talking to you again and again I am grappled with a fear. The weakest weakness of my father is in respect of his possessiveness for palm leaf inscriptions. So please remember all this. When my father asks you how these pal leaves would be preserved then your reply should be- by protecting the books from water, oil and loose binding, by drying these under shadow. These books are of five hundred to six hundred leaves. I will bring some of those books for you to see. One leaf is one hand-length long and around four finger-lengths broad. These remains covered with wooden frame on top and bottom. On the left side there remains a hole through which a rope passes thereby binding the leaves.

-Your father would agree?

-He will have to agree. He does not have means to bring a Bahmin bride. I once gave a farmer two rupees in advance for buying some land. But my father brought the advance back. He is saving rupees. He will have to spend seven hundred rupees so that his son is married in a good Brahmin family and his superior geneology is preserved. And that Brahmin bride would come and preserve his palm leaf inscriptions?

After the death of Milu's mother Srikar became almost crazy; the people of his quarter of village often say like this.

Then in the village the plague did damage. Two quarters of his village, those of Mishras and those of the westernes, almost got extincted. How many people in surrounding areas died, nobody could count.

Milu got an opportunity so that his father could meet Ananda. Srikar saw in Ananda much more, besides the quality of palm leaf preservation techniques.

Milu became victorious. Milu of Nyaya school of Philosophy won over Srikar of Mimamsa School of philosophy.

And marriage of Ananda and Milu got solemnized.

He remembers his love talks with Ananda. Milu, it seems, is going to meet her. Ananda has died. She slipped into Balan River. The marks of foot slipping into the iver are quite visible.

Milu sees that mark and his heart fills with joy, he slips into the wave of emotion…

Ananda and Milu's meetings began to increase in cultivated lands, orchards, grazing grounds, beside the river- at all these places. And both of them slipped together in cultivated lands, orchards, grazing places and also beside the river.

Milu did not jump into the iver. This slope has become slippery, thanks to the boys of today. The place has its beginning with Milu. He often sat over it and in speed he moved into the river, cutting the waves in forward direction.

-Hey, please perform without this slip.

-That is not a big deal.

-perform first, then only I would believe.

Ananda tried carefully but hey…

He could not stop her, neither in cultivated land or in orchards or at grazing places and also not beside the river.

And for what she came here…that she slipped…and got drowned.

She might have come to remember something.

Yes. Ananda has arrived Bachlu, look, hear this song.

Behind the house is the tree of china-rose flower

It is laden with fruits and flowers

A parrot came from the northern state
The parrot sat on the china-rose tree
The parrot eats neither fruit nor flower
It is destroying branches and leaves
The parrot eats neither flower nor seed
It has destroyed branches and leaves
Beside the house there lives a jackal
O Jackal, please capture this parrot sitting over the tree
Once tried
Twice tried
Third time the parrot flies
Neither this parrot is a mystic
Nor is the partridge
It is like a conveyance for hen-sparrow.

-Brother, are you not able to hear this song?

-Brother, I am hearing and seeing. Ananda sister-in-law is singing. I also heard this song the day she died; it was she, singing-

In the courtyard of Goddess Lukesari there is a tree of sandalwood
Beneath that the cuckoos clamour.

-It was not fallacy of words.

Next day after the ritual of fish and meat and after the Pooja of Lord Satyanarayan; Ananda neither cut the sandalwood tree nor encircled her courtyard.

On next day beneath that tree of sandalwood the village people saw two dead bodies in tanner’s quarter of the village. The voice of Ananda echoed in sky, all the village folks heard this.

Whichever jungle you would go dear lovable cuckoo

A mark of garland of blood would be left

It was not fallacy of words.

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